

# TB



**community**

"Social Psychology"

Episode #104

Written by

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Directed by

Anthony Russo

Production Draft - 8/07/09

Blue Rev. Prod. Draft - 8/23/09

Pink Rev. Prod. Draft - 8/24/09

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COMMUNITY

EPISODE #104

CAST LIST

JEFF.....JOEL MCHALE  
PIERCE.....CHEVY CHASE  
BRITTA.....GILLIAN JACOBS  
SHIRLEY.....YVETTE NICOLE BROWN  
ABED.....DANNY PUDI  
ANNIE.....ALISON BRIE  
TROY.....DONALD GLOVER  
SENOR CHANG.....KEN JEONG  
PROFESSOR DUNCAN.....JOHN OLIVER  
VAUGHN.....ERIC CHRISTIAN OLSEN  
RESEARCH ASSISTANT #1.....TBD  
STONER FRIEND.....MATT JONES

# TB

## COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 INT. SPANISH CLASSROOM - MORNING (DAY 1) 1

SR. CHANG is at the white board, finishing up a Spanish lesson. \*

SR. CHANG

...*hablamos hablar*. Okay, before we wrap up, I'd like to thank you for filling out your anonymous evaluation cards. I found your suggestions to be largely constructive and flattering. But there was one of you whose evaluation was so harsh, I took the time to analyze the person's handwriting against past exams.

(leaning into Annie)

And I noticed that this coward dots her I's with hearts. Who's "erratic and unstable" now, princess *gringo*?! \*

(then, sweet)

Okay, see you tomorrow. \*

Everyone in our STUDY GROUP exits the classroom with the rest of the students. \*

2 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

JEFF and SHIRLEY walk in the same direction down the hall.

SHIRLEY

Nice day out today, isn't it?

JEFF

(like he forgot something)

Yeah. Oh. Damn.

Jeff starts back towards the classroom as Shirley walks off. He runs into BRITTA.

BRITTA

Forget something?

JEFF

Yeah, I forgot to stagger the timing of my exit with Shirley's.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

We both have an eleven o'clock all  
the way across campus and I can't  
go that kind of distance with "Ooh,  
that's nice."

\*

BRITTA

That's mean.

JEFF

No...

(doing Shirley)

That's not nice.

A3

EXT. QUAD - SECONDS LATER

A3

Jeff and Britta walk together, out of the school building and onto the quad. \*

BRITTA

I find Shirley very easy to talk to. And aren't you supposed to have, like, an olympic gold medal in jibber jabber?

JEFF

Yeah, but I'm a sprinter, I'm at my best during high speed bursts of wit. You lock me into Shirley's stride for a marathon banter about her brownies? The awkward silence is going to set in before we pass the stoner tree.

We see a tree where stoners are hanging out. VAUGHN, a hot, laid-back guy, plays hackey sack with **no socks on and** his shirt in his back pocket. \*

VAUGHN

Hey, Britta. Hi. 'Sup?

BRITTA

Hey, Vaughn. How's it going?

VAUGHN

No worries.

JEFF

(to Britta)

Interesting. Cause I might worry if I played hackey sack a decade too late. \*

BRITTA

**My class is this way.** \*

JEFF

**Alright, but I just wanted to point out that we easily walked more than a hundred yards without a single awkward pause, and that's the mark of a true friend. So, nice walking with you, friend.** \*

TB

A3

CONTINUED:

A3

BRITTA  
(sincere)  
I'm glad you're not hitting on me  
anymore.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

JEFF  
...and there is the awkward pause.

\*  
\*

FADE OUT.

\*

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

3

ANNIE runs up to PROFESSOR DUNCAN who is in line to pay.

ANNIE

Professor Duncan. Annie Edison,  
I'm in your 101 lecture, I've heard  
about your special psych lab --

\*  
\*  
\*

PROF. DUNCAN

Ah. The Duncan Principle.

\*

ANNIE

Yes, and I know it's limited to  
second year students, but I had a  
4.0 at Riverside High, and I'm not  
looking down on this school at all,  
but I'm only here because of a  
brief addiction to pills that I was  
told would help me focus but they  
actually made me lose my  
scholarship and virginity. If I  
could take your lab early, it would  
be a real feather in my transcript.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

PROF. DUNCAN

I've been in this situation many  
times, so I'm going to be up front.  
I'm not allowed to date students.  
Even though you are an eight, a  
British ten. If, in spite of that,  
you're still interested, you may  
join the lab.

\*  
\*  
\*

Annie jumps.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

You need to bring two human  
subjects. It also wouldn't hurt  
your chances if you could lend me a  
fiver.

\*

(while she gets one)

I seem to have left my purse in my  
duffle, and my duffle in the boot  
of my lorry.

Annie hands him five dollars.

TB

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
Brilliant. See you tomorrow,  
*research assistant.*

Annie squeals in something akin to ecstasy and hurries off.



A4

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

A4

Jeff, ABED, PIERCE, Shirley, and TROY at a table near the coffee stand. Jeff looks on as Britta stands in the coffee line talking with Vaughn. Pierce makes a meal out of opening his express package.

PIERCE

What could this express package be?  
Someone needed to get me something fast.

SHIRLEY

You brought your mail to campus?

PIERCE

Didn't have time to open it at home.

JEFF

Plus, if you opened it at home, we  
wouldn't be able to see whatever it  
is you want us to see.

PIERCE

(opening package)  
Oh, yes. My Ear-Noculars.

JEFF

Perfect.

TROY

What is that? It looks like your  
Bluetooth thingie.

Pierce turns his head. He has a Bluetooth headset in one ear.

PIERCE

No no no. This is my cell phone  
headset. This is Ear-Noculars.  
It's for spies and what have you.  
It gives you sonic hearing.

ABED

All hearing is sonic.

PIERCE

(not hearing)  
What's that?

JEFF

You might want to take that ear  
thing for a spin.

Pierce looks through the Ear-Noculars literature.

PIERCE

This is great. I'll be able to hear a violin from the balcony or the doorbell ring when I'm out gardening.

JEFF

So, it's a hearing aid.

PIERCE

(snapping)

No!

(composes himself)

A hearing aid is for people who can't hear. Ear-Noculars are for people who can't hear *enough*.

TROY

(reading box)

Eyes for your ears. That's freaky.

Annie approaches.

ANNIE

So who wants to be in a psych experiment?

Pierce has his Ear-Noculars on, unaware of Annie.

PIERCE

Guys, guys,...

(conspiratorial)

Annie's talking... about some kind of experiment.

JEFF

She's behind you.

(to Annie)

Not interested.

ANNIE

Come on, this is huge for me. I'd be the first Freshman to sit in on Professor Duncan's experiment.

JEFF

Is it the one where he proves that if you drink enough scotch, you forget you're not driving in England?

ANNIE

No, Jeff. It's supposed to be mind-blowing. Pleeeeease? You get paid.

TROY

Do they do stuff to your butt?

ANNIE

Uh... No.

TROY

Well, I'll do it anyway.

Everyone but Annie looks at Troy, who minds his lunch, oblivious.

ANNIE

Yay! How about you, Abed? It's tomorrow.

ABED

Oof. Tomorrow? They're showing all four Indiana Jones's at The Vista. I was really looking forward to the first three. I bought a whip.

She stops walking and turns to face him, with puppy dog eyes.

ANNIE

This is really important to me, Abed. Could you please go as my friend. My really good friend?

ABED

Wow, I didn't realize we were really good friends. I figured we were more like Chandler and Phoebe. They never really had stories together. Sure, I'll do it, Chandler.

ANNIE

(hugging Abed)  
Oh, thank you, Abed.

SHIRLEY

That's nice.

Off Shirley's "that's nice," Jeff looks for Britta and notices she's still talking with Vaughn.

JEFF

(getting up)  
I better save Britta from that dude.

SHIRLEY

Yeah, she looks like she's in trouble. I hope he doesn't "handsome" her to death.

Shirley watches Jeff approach Britta and Vaughn.

JEFF

Hey.

VAUGHN

Hi, what's up, hey. I'm Vaughn. Man, those shoes look comfortable.

JEFF

Thanks. You in line?

VAUGHN

Nah, just chillin. Hey, you're not gonna order a coffee are you?

JEFF

No, I was just seeing if Britta...

VAUGHN

Hey, no judgement at all, brah. I used to do coffee, but then I switched to green tea and it's like filled with antioxidants and stuff. It's pretty tight.

JEFF

(to Britta)

Tight, yes. I've heard that about green tea.

Britta doesn't look at Jeff. She smiles at Vaughn.

BRITTA

I like green tea. I should make the change.

Back at the table, Pierce observes Britta and speaks studiously while touching his bionic ear.

PIERCE

Britta's making the change to green tea.

4 INT. EXPERIMENT ROOM - NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)

4

Prof. Duncan (now wearing a lab coat) addresses several psych student assistants, including Annie.

PROF. DUNCAN

Welcome, research assistants.

\*

Annie claps.

ANGLE ON the monitor. From a hidden camera perspective, we see Abed, Troy, and other students sitting in a waiting room.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

If you turn your attention to the monitor, you will see our subjects are waiting for the experiment to begin, but... it's actually happening *right now*.

The students GASP, they are into it.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

You're welcome.

Prof. Duncan winks. Annie titters excitedly.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

The waiting is the experiment. The Duncan Principle is simple: The more control lost by - actually, I should take this down, too.

(takes his own notes)

The more control lost by the ego, the more gained by the id, resulting in a surprisingly predictable emotional eruption or breaking point,

(southern accent)

known to ma and pa as a "tantrum."

(waits for chuckle, gets it)

Annie, please let our subjects know that the experiment will start in five minutes.

A smiling Annie crosses to the door.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

(whispering to everyone)

But it's never going to start.

Educated titters. Annie waves her hand over her face, going from a smile to a serious face. She opens the door into the waiting room.

5 INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

ANNIE

Hi, everyone. Hi, Troy. Hi, Abed.  
Oh, hi, Sr. Chang.

Sr. Chang is seated in the room as well.

SR. CHANG

Yeah, what, you don't think a community college Spanish teacher could use the eighty bucks?

ANNIE

Okay. Well, we are running just a little bit behind, so it's going to be five --

5

CONTINUED:

5

SR. CHANG

No! Unacceptable! You say something is going to start at **nine**, it starts at **nine**! Don't waste *mi tiempo*!

\*

Sr. Chang kicks over a chair and storms out.

6

INT. EXPERIMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

PROF. DUNCAN

**And we're off.**

\*

**The students murmur in fascination.**

\*

7

EXT. QUAD - LATER

7

Jeff exits the school building with Shirley and some other students. He bends down to tie his shoe, hoping Shirley will keep walking. When he stands, she is right there.

SHIRLEY

Did you know we walk the same way after class? I'm sure you didn't or else we would've been walking together, unless you're a jerk, just kidding.

JEFF

Ha. Let's do it.

Jeff starts walking with her.

SHIRLEY

Oh hold on now, going a little too fast for these dogs.

The walk is even slower. Long, **awkward silence**. They both try to break it.

\*

JEFF (CONT'D)

You have a kid, right?

SHIRLEY

How do you like Greendale?

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

What's that?

\*

JEFF

Nothing.

Shirley exhales. This is painful for her too. Long silence.

\*



SHIRLEY

Pierce is not exactly right in his head, is he?

Jeff smiles. This perks him up.

JEFF

Oh, I don't know, he seems like a pretty normal guy, oh wait, he's NUTS.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Shirley giggles.

\*

SHIRLEY

You better be careful, he might be listening with his Inspector Gadget hearing aid. You know that show?

\*

JEFF

I do know that show.

\*  
\*

SHIRLEY

Oh, and how about that Hackey Sack guy? Always around, flirting with Britta. It's embarrassing.

\*

JEFF

(too loud)

I know! He's the worst!

\*  
\*

SHIRLEY

I mean, what is with that hair?

\*

JEFF

It's perpetually moist. And the incessant evangelizing of green tea. No offense, but if I want medical advice, I'll get it from someone wearing socks.

Shirley loves that one. They continue gabbing.

\*

8

INT. EXPERIMENT ROOM - LATER

8

Prof. Duncan stands in front of the monitor. He checks his watch.

PROF. DUNCAN

Okay, we're three hours in, let's review what we've seen. Pay close attention to every subject's **breaking point**.

\*

ANGLE ON the monitor: Prof. Duncan fast forwards the tape. We start with a room full of subjects. Over time, we see Annie pop in and out of the room. One after another, frustrated subjects get up and leave. (The research assistants take notes.)

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
(commenting on what he sees)

Look at this one. He's a stomper... This one's a screamer... We got a bulemic... Look at the little one chase the big one, it's like Benny Hill... Fore!... Ooh, he just hit that girl...

On the tape, all that remain now are Abed and Troy. Abed remains motionless while Troy slowly melts down and exits. \*  
Abed is the only one left. He sits patiently, hands folded in his lap. Prof. Duncan leans closer to the screen.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
Ah, I've seen this before. The longer they wait, the harder they break. Buckle up, students.  
(then, noticing)  
Does he have a whip?

Shirley and Jeff sit on the bench, laughing.

SHIRLEY  
Oh, and have you seen how often Hackey Sack takes his shirt off? \*  
He'd play shirts and skins in a \*  
game of checkers. \*

JEFF

I am so glad to be able to talk  
about that guy. I wanted to say  
something to Britta but *we're*  
*supposed to be friends now and*  
*she'd think I was jealous.*

\*

\*

\*

\*

SHIRLEY

I don't see why you and Britta  
aren't together. Two cute white  
people, going to school together,  
just seems right.

\*

JEFF

Shirley, we're not pandas in a zoo.

SHIRLEY

(seeing something)  
Oh dear.

Jeff looks. Britta and Vaughn make out on the quad.

JEFF

That is not what I want to see.

Britta looks up, sees Jeff watching her.

SHIRLEY

And there goes the shirt.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - LATER

10

Britta approaches Jeff at a table.

BRITTA

Heeeey.

JEFF

Hi, there. Want me to check you  
for grass stains? \*

BRITTA \*

That was... embarrassing. \*

JEFF

Oh, whatever. Seize the day, man,  
life is short. Get up on that. \*  
You know? All aboard the \*  
dreamboat. \*

BRITTA

I wasn't sure when or how to bring  
up that I was hanging out with  
Vaughn. Figured you'd... make fun  
of him. And me. \*

JEFF

First of all, friends don't make  
fun of each other, and secondly,  
(mustering) \*  
Vaughn seems cool. \*

Britta is impressed with Jeff. \*

BRITTA \*

You guys should hang out. Well,  
I gotta go. That was tacky out  
there, you'll never see it again. \*

JEFF

No worries.

11 EXT. QUAD - NEXT MORNING (DAY 3)

11

Pierce talks to Shirley as they exit the school building from before. He wears his Ear-Noculars and Bluetooth.

PIERCE

This thing is amazing. I could finally hear Mr. Chang from the back of the room. Too bad they don't make one of these for accents. What's that? *What do you mean you got a hold of some "sweet weed"?*

\*  
\*  
\*

SHIRLEY

*Doesn't it get confusing with the phone in one ear and that thing in the other?*

\*  
\*  
\*

PIERCE

*It's called living in the modern world.*

\*  
\*

His cell phone RINGS in his other ear. It's very loud for Pierce and startles him.

\*

PIERCE (CONT'D)

*Hello. Mom? Yes, I'll visit soon. What do you mean, "Do I want a toke?" Wait. Who's about to bust you? What pigs? What pigs are coming? Just put Dad on.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As Pierce walks off *contorting in confusion*, Jeff hurries up to Shirley.

\*

JEFF

Shirley! Did you notice Sr. Chang's socks today? Tiny bull fighters.

SHIRLEY

I can top that. Did you see Hacky Sack wears an anklet?

Jeff *doesn't react*.

\*

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

*Since when won't you talk about Vaughn? No fun.*

\*  
\*  
\*

JEFF

I'm trying to be a good friend to Britta. She thought I'd make fun of him and I want to be unpredictable. I'm going to show her I'm not the jerk she thinks I am and friend the hell out of that green tea drinking drum circler.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SHIRLEY

Okay, but tell me you've noticed how small his nipples are.

JEFF

Not engaging.

SHIRLEY

What? It's not gossip if it's fact. My kids have had hamsters with bigger nips.

12

INT. EXPERIMENT ROOM/WAITING ROOM - LATER

12

The room is a complete mess, littered with take-out food containers, crumpled pieces of paper and empty coffee cups. Prof. Duncan, Annie and the other research assistants are bleary eyed, but they continue to watch the monitor. On the monitor, Abed happily sits in the same position.

PROF. DUNCAN

Is it on pause?

ANNIE

No, that's just him.

Annie opens the door to the waiting room.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Sorry you've been waiting...

(checks her watch, sighs)  
twenty-six hours. It will be...  
five more minutes.

ABED

Okie doke.

Annie closes the door and goes back to the experiment room. Prof. Duncan tugs at his hair.

PROF. DUNCAN

Why won't he leave?!

\*

RESEARCH ASSISTANT #1

Professor, I have other classes I have to--

PROF. DUNCAN

Go! Fine! I hate you. Go kill  
John Lennon again, you loser.

\*

\*

\*

Research Assistant #1 leaves. Prof. Duncan turns to the monitor.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
He's ruining my study! He's  
warping the Duncan Principle. Damn  
you! Damn you, you outlying piece  
of datum!

\*

(punches monitor)

Ow!

(to Annie)

\*

YOU! This is all your fault!

\*

ANNIE

But you told me to bring subjects.

PROF. DUNCAN

Subjects! Not Rain Man! I should  
have never let you in this lab,  
little Miss know-it-all, Annie  
Fanny Panties in a bunch!

\*

ANNIE

Oh, that's sooo hilaaarious! Did  
you think of that the last time you  
skipped a trip to the dentist?

PROF. DUNCAN

Let me answer that question with  
another question...

(makes raspberry noises)

Prof. Duncan starts yelling and stomping his feet in complete  
exasperation. The other research assistants take notes on  
his behavior. He notices.

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?! Stop writing!

He grabs one of their composition notebooks and throws it at  
them. Terrified, the assistants scramble to the door.

\*

\*

PROF. DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Out! All of you! You're all a  
bunch of dorks!

\*

\*

(points at Annie)

\*

You destroyed the Duncan Principle!

\*



12

CONTINUED:

12

Prof. Duncan exits, slamming the door behind him. Annie, fuming, sits alone in the room. After a beat, she gets up and opens the door to the waiting room where Abed is waiting patiently.

\*

ANNIE

Go home!

\*

She slams the door shut. WE STAY ON Abed, alone in the room.

ABED

Cool.

He gets up to go.

13

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

13

Jeff sits with Britta and Vaughn.

JEFF

So Britta said you did a lot of community service?

VAUGHN

Ultimate Frisbee at the Senior's Center. It's amazing.

JEFF

And what makes frisbee ultimate?

VAUGHN

Aw, man, if I had a nickel for every time I wished someone asked me that.

\*

Britta is happy they are getting along.

BRITTA

I'm gonna get dessert. Want anything?

VAUGHN

Uh, carrots? \*

JEFF

I'm good.

Britta exits. Shirley sees Jeff and Vaughn sitting together. She makes eye contact with Jeff and gives him a shit-eating grin and saunters over.

SHIRLEY

Hey, you two.

(to Vaughn)

Well that's a cool shirt.

VAUGHN

Thanks.

Jeff looks at Shirley like "what are you up to?"

SHIRLEY

Where's it from?

VAUGHN

Uh? Let me see.

He takes his shirt off. Shirley, behind Vaughn's back, smiles big at Jeff.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

Hanes. Classic.

SHIRLEY

That's nice.

Vaughn turns back to Jeff, still with his shirt off. While Vaughn talks to Jeff about volunteering, Shirley motions for Jeff to check out the nipples. So small. Where are they? Jeff tries not to laugh.

VAUGHN

You know, people underestimate the elderly, but you should see these guys out there throwing the bee, loving life. It's inspiring.

JEFF

I'll think about it.

VAUGHN

No worries. Better check on Brits.

Vaughn exits. Shirley snickers while Jeff tries to suppress a laugh.

JEFF

You are the devil.

Pierce and Troy walk up.

PIERCE

Look what we've got here, Troy? A good old-fashioned clique.

\*  
\*

JEFF

We're not a clique.

PIERCE

I'm not naive. At Hawthorne Wipes, my corporate board was torn asunder by backstabbing and factionalism. I've also seen "Mean Girls."

(then)

So, what's your plan? Pairing off by twos? You, Shirley. Me, Troy.

TROY

I haven't made a call on that yet.

PIERCE

We work so well as a group. Me, Annie, Brittles, the Arab boy, ... I just want you to think about that before you throw it all away for a sack of giggles.

\*

Pierce strides off, letting his words sink in.

14

INT. STUDENT LOUNGE - LATER

14

Britta and Jeff hang out.

BRITTA  
You like Vaughn, right? \*

JEFF  
He's very cute. He's got... \*  
shoulders. \*

BRITTA  
I'm worried that he's thinking more  
intensely about this thing than me.  
He says stuff, you know, after...

JEFF  
After... school?

BRITTA  
(means sex)  
After.

JEFF  
(disgusted)  
You had sex with him?  
(forcing enthusiasm)  
What was it like? \*

BRITTA  
What? Forget that. \*  
(flustered) \*  
The problem now is he's calling me \*  
babe and trying to hold my hand, \*  
it's getting relationship-y. And \*  
he gave me, ugh, I can't.

JEFF  
What?

BRITTA  
You can't tell anyone about this.

Britta hands over a piece of paper. Jeff looks at it.  
Remains stone faced.

JEFF  
It's a poem.

BRITTA  
How do I respond to something like \*  
that? "Thank you"? \*

Jeff holds gold.

JEFF

That's a difficult question. Which  
I will answer, - oh, someone's  
texting me.

\*  
\*  
\*

Jeff pulls his phone out. He holds it up in front of his face, between it and the poem. He pretends to study and operate the phone while adjusting the angle of the phone and the paper.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(pretending to read)

Just have to read this text,  
aaaaand -

\*  
\*

MATCH CUT TO:

Jeff is holding a printout of a photo he took of the poem. He reads it to Shirley.

JEFF

(reading)

Did you ever notice where the ocean meets the sky, did ya? It's the same wizard blue that I see in your eye, Brit-ta.

SHIRLEY

(giggling)

Oh no, no, no. Wizard blue?

JEFF

Yes, yes, yes.

SHIRLEY

Oh, thank you. That has brightened my day. I'm so glad we can rip on that dude again.

JEFF

I'm trying to be a good friend to Britta, but I mean, the guy wrote a poem, right? Look. That's the stain of a tear drop over the word, "rad."

\*  
\*  
\*

Jeff and Shirley snicker. ANGLE ON Pierce, somewhere else on the quad, his Ear-Noculars pointed in Jeff and Shirley's direction. He clearly doesn't like what he hears.

\*

16

INT. STUDY ROOM - LATER

16

Abed and Troy are there. An exhausted Annie enters.

TROY

Hey, sorry for bailing on your psych experiment yesterday.

ANNIE

(snapping)

That was the experiment, Troy. We were testing how long people would wait in the room.

This wrinkles Troy's brain.

TROY

Whoa.

ABED

(understands; unphased)

Oh, gotcha.

ANNIE

"Gotcha"?! That's all you have to say? You sat in a room for twenty-six straight hours. No food, no water. Didn't that bother you?

\*

ABED

(calm)

Yes. I was livid.

ANNIE

Then why didn't you leave?!

ABED

Because you asked me to stay and you said we were friends.

Annie doesn't know what to say. She sits down, ashamed.

TROY

Aw, man...

(choking up)

That's really beautiful.

(then)

Wait. Is this still part of the experiment?

Jeff and Shirley enter, giggling and gabbing.

JEFF

...no, no. He's more like a puppy with a fish mouth.

SHIRLEY

Right, right, right. Like this...

Shirley does a Vaughn face. Jeff laughs. Pierce opens the door to the study room and strides in.

PIERCE

That's right. Laugh it up. You guys want to know what they're doing right now? Making fun of all of us. I heard you with my own Ear... Noculars.

JEFF

Pierce, we--

PIERCE

Calling me "Hacky Sack," ripping on my six pack abs and my moist hair. And apparently someone got a hold of my poem. And that face she was just making?...

(imitates Shirley's "fish" face)

That was obviously Annie.

TROY

Okay, this is definitely part of the experiment.

SHIRLEY

Pierce, we weren't making fun of you.

JEFF

We were talking about Britta's boyfriend, Vaughn.

PIERCE

(on a dime)

Oh, okay. Good.

(sits down; rubs hands together)

But if we're gonna do something, let's do it as a team. I'll get the ball rolling. Maybe he has a tiny penis.

TROY

Who is this guy?

SHIRLEY

Oh, you all have to see him. Everything's, "no worries, no worries." And he always has to say three greetings in a row. And show them the poem.

Shirley takes Vaughn's poem **print out** from Jeff and hands it over. \*

JEFF

Oh, maybe don't show that. I don't think we should--

BRITTA (O.S.)

I should be done in an hour.



Shirley hears Britta and hides the poem printout under a bag. \*  
Britta and Vaughn are now standing in the entry way.

VAUGHN  
No worries.

TROY  
He just said it!

BRITTA  
Hey guys, you've met Vaughn, right?

VAUGHN  
Hey. What's up. Hi.

Shirley holds up three fingers. The group tries not to laugh but can't hold it in.

PIERCE  
(whispering too loud)  
He's a fool.

VAUGHN  
Whoa, this group's got a case of  
the giggles. Tight.

Vaughn sits down at the table, moving the bag out of his way.  
His poem is revealed.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)  
Is that?  
(to Britta)  
You showed them my poem? \*

BRITTA  
No.

PIERCE  
(laughing; hands poem to  
Vaughn)  
Read it.

VAUGHN  
You guys are laughing at me, aren't  
you? That's uh, wow.  
(to Britta)  
I thought you were cooler than this.

Vaughn leaves. Britta is pissed.

BRITTA  
(to Jeff)  
I can't believe you.

SHIRLEY

Honestly Jeff, how dare you?

Jeff shoots Shirley a look. Britta shakes her head at Jeff  
and goes after Vaughn.

\*  
\*

PIERCE

(with Ear-noculars)

He's crying. And now he's barking.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17

EXT. QUAD - LATER

17

An angry Jeff walks across the quad. Shirley catches up with him.

SHIRLEY

Jeff, wait! I'm sorry I sold you out.

JEFF

Britta's never going to forgive me. I can't believe I showed you that poem - good lord, when did my life become an episode of Degrassi High?

\*  
\*  
\*

SHIRLEY

(indicates nearby bench)

Can we talk?

\*  
\*

Jeff sighs and sits with Shirley.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Jeff. I have a gossip problem.

JEFF

I'm not a real supporter of this word but... duh.

SHIRLEY

I stir the pot, Jeff. I'm a pot stirrer. This isn't the only study group I've had this year. See those ladies over there?

\*

ANGLE ON a group of African American women hanging out together. One of them gives Shirley a dirty look.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

I was in that group until they kicked me out. They call me "Tattle-ina."

(then)

It's a bumblebee nickname. It's cute but it stings.

Jeff looks over at Shirley's former study group.

JEFF

Look how big that woman's earrings are. It's like little dogs should be jumping through 'em.

Shirley puts her fist to her mouth, using every bit of strength not to gossip.

SHIRLEY

(high pitched)

Mmmmmmmmm.

(determined; re: Jeff and her)

This is never going to work. It's got to end.

\*

JEFF

Shirley. Don't do this. We can still hang out. We just won't bag on people.

\*

SHIRLEY

(laughs)

Come on, Jeff. What are we gonna talk about? My kids? Your old doctor career?

JEFF

I was a lawyer.

SHIRLEY

See? I'm already bored.

JEFF

Well, we'll always have "tiny nipples."

Shirley smiles. Jeff starts off.

SHIRLEY

Jeff! Wait!

Jeff stops and turns.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

I know I shouldn't, but just one last gossip. Britta told me she had a sex dream about you. You still have a chance.

JEFF

Details.

\*

\*

SHIRLEY

\*  
\*

Mmmmm!

Shirley puts a fist to her mouth and runs away as Jeff stands there pensively.

\*  
\*

18 INT. CAFETERIA/STUDENT LOUNGE - NEXT DAY (DAY 4) 18 \*

Annie approaches Abed who eats at a table. She holds a gift.

ANNIE

Abed, here. I wanted to say sorry for yelling at you. You were being a good friend and I was really selfish.

He looks in the gift bag.

ABED

Indiana Jones, cool.

ANNIE

I just got you the first three because...

ABED

(touched)

The fourth one blows.

They share a smile.

ABED (CONT'D)

We're cool.

Professor Duncan approaches.

DUNCAN

Oh Annie, there you are. You know, after I went home and drank and slept and drank some more, I realized it was I who had reached a breaking point. I had been the subject of my own study. And I LOVED it. Not only was the Duncan Principle upheld, I now have even more reason to study it. We're running some new trials tonight if you'd like to assist.

Annie looks at Abed then at the Professor.

ANNIE

Actually, Professor, I think I'm watching movies tonight, with a friend.

Annie and Abed walk away. Duncan is at a loss.

Jeff walks by, towards Britta in the student lounge.

BRITTA  
Don't want to talk to you.

\*

JEFF  
I know, I'm sorry. Really, really  
sorry. And I can go talk to Vaughn  
if you want me --

\*

\*

\*

\*

BRITTA  
Vaughn broke up with me.

\*

\*

JEFF  
(happy)  
Oh.  
(sympathetic)  
Oh.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

BRITTA  
You broke my trust. You suck.

\*

\*

JEFF  
I'm sorry. I was in a tough  
position, I needed to vent, so I  
showed Shirley the poem. I  
couldn't handle being just one of  
the girls.

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

BRITTA  
But I liked you as one of the  
girls. What do you want to be?

\*

\*

\*

JEFF  
I don't know, is there a spot on  
the friendship spectrum between  
total stranger and having to hear  
about the guys you date? Ideally,  
one notch underneath driving you to  
the airport and painting your  
kitchen?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

BRITTA  
I think we can work something out.

\*

\*

JEFF  
Great.

\*

\*

18

CONTINUED:

18

Britta gets up to leave.

\*

JEFF (CONT'D)

\*

And if I'm occasionally naked in  
your dreams, I won't complain.

BRITTA

Shirley.

JEFF

She has a real problem. She stirs  
the pot. She's a pot stirrer.

\*

\*

19

EXT. QUAD - DAY

19

A down Vaughn approaches the stoner tree. His STONER FRIEND  
kicks him the hackey sack. Vaughn misses it.

\*

\*

VAUGHN

\*

Sorry 'bout that.

\*

STONER FRIEND

\*

Hey, no worries.

\*

Vaughn looks his friends in the eyes, and gives them this  
warning...

\*

\*

VAUGHN

\*

Some worries. Some worries.

\*

His friends seem dismayed to hear this is possible. The  
world is changing again.

\*

\*

20

EXT. QUAD - CONTINUOUS

20

Jeff walks alone, sad. A student in a weird outfit walks by.

\*

JEFF

\*

Shirley would say something funny  
about that.

\*

\*

Jeff looks up and sees Shirley walking toward him. He  
smiles, but then sees she's walking with Britta.

\*

\*

SHIRLEY

\*

Well you know...  
(inaudible gossip)  
...Jeff. Shhh.

\*

\*

\*

They pass him and laugh.

\*

JEFF

\*

Oh no.

\*



Jeff runs over to Pierce.

\*

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Where's your Ear-thing?

\*

\*

PIERCE  
Got rid of it. Jeff, there are  
certain things man is not meant to  
hear. We were designed, by  
whatever entity you choose, to hear  
what's in this range...

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(motions around him)  
And this range alone. Because, you  
know who's talking to us in this  
range? The people we love.

\*

\*

\*

\*

Pierce walks away, leaving Jeff to ponder this.

\*

JEFF  
He heard us call him Inspector  
Gadget.

\*

\*

\*

FADE OUT.

\*

END OF SHOW

\*